

The Unmistakeable Truth

by Mockingbird Accomplice

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Summary: This is the story of how I'm on the run, and of the slashers I will meet, and one nonslasher who deserves respect for what he does. Now they are in this twisted game, and we're running out of options. You won't tell, will you? Our lives depend on it.

1. Introduction

****Disclaimer:** I don't own anything except OC's and plotline. This story will most likely be updated close to every day after The Properties of Fire is complete.**

The name's Allison, and believe me, I'm far from normal. I may look normal on the outside, even cute to some boys (ew) with my shoulder length, jet black hair, only my bangs are combed to one side and brown, icy blue eyes, and pale skin. I wear black and grey most of the time, and blue on some occasions. My favorite outfit consists of a grey short sleeve turtleneck, black skinny jeans and stiletto boots. I hardly wear any make up, just black cherry lip gloss. I seem fairly normal to you now, don't I? Perhaps you are thinking 'maybe just a bit Goth but nothing special' right? Keep reading.

I'm a freak of nature, and I mean that in a good way of course. I can practically do anything with my gift. You name it. Pyrokinesis: check. Flying: check. Breathing under water, phasing through walls, telekinesis, making things appear with my mind, bringing characters to life: check, check, checkity, check, and check. Of course, with great power comes great responsibility and crap. I was born this way and I have, no friends, no family, and I'm on the run from the government. All I have is this fanfiction so that someone with a good heart will find out the truth about my life. The truth about who I will meet, who I am, and who I will become. Anyone who tells you to keep your friends close and your enemies closer is a fool. Of course this is all classified. You won't tell, right?

2. The Mockingbird Accomplice

****Disclaimer: DON'T OWN NOTHING!****

I cracked my eyes open a bit, only to be blinded by light. So doing what any thirteen-year-old would do, I think, I shut them again. _What's the use of getting up anyway?_ Oh right. I was Allison. Allison the loner. Allison the fighter. Allison the brave. Allison the...hungry. My stomach growled and I quickly materialized an apple and a granola bar. Even though I could make a whole entire feast appear in mere moments, I always ate light, no more than necessary.

Why? Incase some stupid FBI agents come barreling in, that's why. Along with a SWAT team and whoever else they can manage to get. Why are they after me? My gift. You see Area 51 wants to make an army of soldiers with my capabilities (something about making sure Nazis don't take over again. IDK They are morons.) But they just can't seem to get the genetic code right. So, they hear rumors about moi and send a whole team of agents out on my trail. They caught me (once because I didn't have a clue what the crap was going on) and once they took me back to Area 51 and one nerd was like 'yes lets dissect her brain and chickenstuff like that' and then all his little nerdlings agreed and were like 'oh yes master you are so wise and the closest thing to a girl we can find'. I escaped just barely, and am now chilling in New York City.

I chewed soundlessly on the apple, leaning back on the alley wall I had been sleeping against. What a wonderful, glorious life for me right? Oh, you bet. Splendid to the point where I want to vomit. I fanned out my white, feathery wings. It was sort of a difficult task to achieve, since their wingspan was about twelve feet and I was close to a dumpster. This ties into my flying capabilities. The New York Times is calling me 'The Mockingbird' or 'The Mockingbird Accomplice' or something like that. I quickly finished the apple and granola bar and got up, stretching. After hearing a satisfying pop from my back and wings I ran down the alley at my top speed, 120mph on land and 200 in air, almost running over two hobos and took off. I always loved that feeling, taking off and pushing myself to climb higher into the sky. It was exhilarating; it was something people dreamed about. Unless, you have a fear of heights or something, then it's a nightmare. I dived under a cloud and soared upwards again. You think those things are puffy? Well you are wrong. They are wet, and they are cold, and I HATE THEM ALL! DIEEEE! CLOUDS DIEEEE! Where was I?

Oh yes, yes, I had to get help to take down Area 51. And not normal help at that. I sighed; my elevation in the sky declining as I soared downward towards a small town. I circled it for awhile before landing close to a house that said 1428 Elm Street. I quickly folded my wings in and walked towards a nearby motel. This kind of reminded me of Nightmare on Elm Street. Did I mention I was an avid slasher fan? I walked into the building, cringing at the mildewy smell that invaded my nose. Its times like this I hate my keen sense of smell. Other times I hate my sharp vision when a pervert is looking at a _Playboy Bunny_. The bellboy or whatever just stared at me with a bored, unlively expression. The face of a robot. I decided to call him Botboy after that.

"Hey Bot- um, good sir, I'd like a free room tonight is that OK?" Botboy stared into my eyes, transfixed by their hypnotic capability.

Oh am I good or what? Don't answer that.

"Yes, ma'me, here is your key." He, as slowly as a zombie from an old horror movie, gave me the key. Room number 666. It was quite ironic, because as I stepped through that door and fell asleep, I entered Hell.

****AN:Hooray! Krueger is first! Michael and others will come soon enough. Review good or bad.****

3. Not the Net!

****Disclaimer: I don't own anything except the plotline...****

I won't lie to you. My powers are somewhat unstable. OK. Highly unstable. So unstable that sometimes they can get out of hand. I tried to deny it, but I don't think I could after this incident.

I found myself in the boiler room, walking along many of the various catwalks, listening to the hiss of pipes below. No big deal; I have dreams like this every other night. Then, there was the intense earsplitting sound of metal on metal. I winced at the dreadful noise; cursing my hyper hearing. Soon a burnt man in a dirty red and green striped sweater came into view. Frederick Charles Krueger. He grinned sadistically at me, and I eyed him with a 'keep your claws to yourself you pervert' look. This may be the 1984 version, but he's still as pervey as ever. "Freddy Krueger," I said with a grin, "Nice to see you're still as crispy as ever." The killer stalked up to me, blades screeching on the metal railing, but I continued anyway, still thinking none of this was real. "By the way, love the Christmas sweater. Did your Mommy buy it for you?" That seemed to piss him off on a new degree, and sparks flew from the railing.

"Now. You die," he said in his raspy, distorted voice and slashed at me. The blades pierced deep in my arm and I shrieked, swearing colorfully.

"My God, what the heck do you think you're doing?" I roared tackling him to the ground and wrestling him. He was thoroughly stunned by my reaction. Any normal teen would have tucked tail and run, but I wasn't normal...or sane. I got on top of his back and put him in a headlock, and occasionally slamming his head down on the catwalk whenever he tried to buck me off. Finally, Freddy ripped me off of him and pipes curled around my body, effectively restraining me. "Yo, Fred could ya lighten up a bit? I was joking." I phased through the pipes and snapped out my white wings. "And being tied up ain't my style crispy boy." He stared wide-eyed at my wings.

"Are you a...dream warrior?" The Dream Master asked suspiciously. I shrugged in response.

"I could be considered one, although I don't really try to save or help people, because the human race has been sooo kind to a freak like me." Fred seemed disinterested, but I could not care less as long as he kept his pants on.

"Really, oh gee how sad," he mocked viciously, beginning to circle my figure. "Poor bird brained -." I stared wide-eyed at him, my fists itching to break his jaw.

"What did you say?" I hissed menacingly. Krueger didn't even get a chance to reply before I was on his back, screeching like an insane eagle. Or some other predatory bird, one with white wings. I mean, I can't be grafted with a dove or anything like that. I'm waaay too violent. Suddenly, an invisible force yanked me off Freddy and held me suspended in mid air; even if I tried to fly or move I was still pinned in one place. The Dream Master grinned sadistically, letting his blades travel down my neck and then lower...and lower. I screamed in protest, shouting all sorts of profane things a child should never say, but he ignored.

"Shut up brat," he snarled, his knives pressing a bit harder on my clothed skin, drawing the tiniest bit of blood from my stomach. "Or I'll slit your throat." Like he wasn't going to do that already. Doing the most irrational thing I could think of, I head butted him, and he lost concentration. I dropped onto the catwalk and charged at him. Just as I collided with Krueger, I woke up and brought an unwanted someone with me. Freddy looked stunned a moment before glaring at me. "You stupid little b-

"Awe shut up," I snapped, then realized something. "Wait you're here with me. You ain't supposed to be real!" Fred looked at me with a confused expression.

"What do you mean?"

"Are you kidding? Krueger, you're in, like, eight movies counting Freddy vs. Jason, not counting Nightmare on Elm Street 2010 that one sucked." The burnt man stared at me with a blank expression.

"Brat, you are nuts." I stood up and glared at him.

"The name's not 'Brat' its Allison," I snapped, pissed off at the Dream Master. He shrugged and got off the hotel bed.

"Say, where are we b-

"Allison," I growled in a warning tone. Freddy rolled his eyes.

"Whatever, where are we?"

"Elm Street, in Springwood, Ohio," I replied walking across the room and over to the window, in case he tried anything funny. Freddy narrowed his eyes at me.

"You said I was in movies."

"Uh-huh, the Nightmare on Elm Street series, and Wes Craven's New Nightmare, but I think the only good kill scene in that one is where that chick gets dragged across the ceiling with the little boy watching," I explained.

"How do I know you ain't making this up?" He growled, suspicion dripping from each word. I rolled my eyes.

"Yo, Krueger, remember this? Welcome to prime time -! And cue the poor girl getting smashed into the TV screen." Freddy's eyes widened.

"Oh, Satan, you were tellin' the truth weren't ya?"

"Well duh," I snapped. I crossed my arms and felt a sharp searing pain in my right one. I sighed and looked at the four vertical cuts trailing down it. I materialized a first aid kit and opened it, grabbing some gauze bandage and hydrogen peroxide. I poured most of the peroxide on my arm, letting it bubble and wipe out any germs in the wound. Krueger watched me with an unreadable expression. As soon as I wrapped the bandage tentatively around my cuts I unfurled my white wings, making sure to ruffle the feathers out. To this the Dream Master swore in surprise.

"But-that-you-" he stuttered.

"I wasn't joking when I said I was a freak. Even more of a freak than you at that." I let my wings droop so they were just sort of hanging there, unmoving. Freddy shook his head.

"This is some messed up crap."

"Tell me about it." I sat on the couch and turned on the news, only to see my blurry picture on screen. I left it there, watching the broadcast intently just as Freddy was.

"No one has seen the Mockingbird in over a month until now. She seemed to disappear without a trace. The FBI and other organizations are calling this an elaborate hoax. Well, what you are about to see is no hoax, I guarantee it..."

Soon, a video of me flying was being played, and I stared in alarm. That was when I was flying in Springwood. Oh God, a resident was filming me from their house! TV me dropped down in the middle of the street. NO NO NO! I didn't hear or see anyone! No one should have caught me on video! My motel room door burst open, and I whirled to see Bot-Boy and a few other employees staring at me with wide eyes.

"That's the Mockingbird!"

"Get her!"

"We're going to be rich! I'm gonna buy a fancy toilet that has a fountain in it. What about you?"

"I'm going to buy a trench coat, one that's really-"

"Guys," I snapped stomping my foot on the floorboards, "Can we hurry this up?" That seemed to snap them out of their stupid conversation and a big burley employee that sort of reminded me of Santa Claus tackled me. He effectively pinned my wings as I thrashed madly.

"Oh my God we're going to be rich~," a female sang/screeched at the top of her lungs. "Get a net." I went bug eyed when I heard the term 'net'.

"No no not the net!" I shrieked, almost in hysteria, "Anything but the net!" I got no reply from the other motel workers, except Santa.

"Give it up brat. No one's gonna hear you scream," he hissed, grabbing one of my wings and twisting it in a very painful way until I'm sure I heard a pop.

"Get. Off. Me!" I fazed through the floor taking him halfway with me, and then came up again. I slammed my high heel boots into his head so hard it knocked the fat Santa impersonator out. A little blood ran down his forehead. Great. Now I officially hate Christmas. I looked in dismay at my wing. Thank God it was just out of its socket. I gritted my teeth in pain as I popped it back into place, and glanced around the room. No employees and no Krueger. Where were they? I stepped into the hallway to see the remainder of my captors lying in their own pools of blood on the floor, with Freddy grinning down at his kills. Awe, he killed Bot-Boy...

"Doesn't get any better than this," he said in his guttural voice. I rolled my eyes and grabbed his sleeve leading him out of the motel. "What the-?"

"Look, I know you hate me, and I sort of hate you because you can be a pain in real life, but now we're in this together." He didn't seem too enthused or convinced we should be working together. "I mean, where will you go Freddy? How will you get back to the Dreamworld without me?" Freddy sighed in reluctant acceptance. "Good. I hope you've flown before, because this is ten times worse than a space shuttle going into orbit." I gripped his arms firmly.

"Oh - you aren't serious are you?"

"Dead serious." I raised my wings up slowly and then snapped them down as hard as I could. It hurt, but the two of us were already twelve feet from the ground, so I did it again and again until we were about two hundred feet up. Krueger seemed less than pleased by this and had to keep himself from struggling. Then came the acceleration, which he totally wasn't expecting. I almost lost my grip on him as I went from twenty to two hundred in seconds. Freddy, by this time, was swearing like crazy, and I did my best to block out his foul mouth because many of those choice words were directly aimed at me. I did a thirty foot diameter circle and flew past Springwood.

"Where are we going?" The Dream Master roared over the wind.

"Haddonfield, Illinois." This was perfect. I had no idea I could bring movie characters to life. I smiled deviously. Oh baby, was Area 51 in for a surprise.

****AN: Yes! I finished another chapter! R&R please. :)****

4. Mr Myers

****Disclaimer: Don't own anything.****

Of course, my powers do have limits. Like if someone shoots me and I'm facing them, the bullet will faze through me like I'm smoke because I'll be expecting it. However, if I'm facing away from them and they fire a bullet at me I'll die just like any other person if it hits me in the head or chest. Or, if there's a thunderstorm where

I am at, none of my powers will work except for my flying and super speed because of all the electromagnetic energy in the air. Apparently Haddonfield was expecting a horrible storm with, like hail, and tons of lightening, and me and Freddy...well, we got caught right in it.

"Drop me you *****!"

"I can't, you'll die," I protested. Although, at this point I'd be more than happy to comply with his wish. Suddenly a wave of pain struck me and I screamed. Apparently, it hit Freddy too, because a new stream of curses was aimed at me. Then I realized we had been struck by lightning. _Curse your knives Krueger, you stupid child molester!_ My wings suddenly folded in and we swan dived. I tried my hardest to fan them out once more, but they were cramping up from the pain. I grabbed the Dream Master and held him so that he would hit the ground first. What? This was the least he owed me for being such a pain in the butt. A grey and blue surface came into view below us. A pond! "Alright passengers it seems we'll have to make an emergency landing. Please fasten your seatbelts and thank you for flying Air Mockingbird." The killer shot me a murderous look. We crashed landed head first and I frantically swan towards the surface. My head popped out and I scanned the area for any signs of Freddy. I finally saw he was on the bank and I climbed out and ran under a tree. I tried furiously to conjure up a fire at my finger tips, but all I got was a small spark that soon fizzled out. It did reveal numerous bruises on my arms though. God, I must look dreadful. Freddy came up to me as I snapped my fingers again and again, trying to get another spark. No luck.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm trying to start a fire."

"With your fingers?"

"I'm a pyrokinetic," I explained. He muttered something about 'pyrokinetic my butt' as he ambled away. I followed after him.

"So, I guess we're good friends now," he said sarcastically.

"Oh, yes. Wonderful friends," I intoned. We came to a stop at a quaint, empty house on Lampkin Lane and I strode up to it. I took two bobby pins out of my pocket.

"Uh, are you picking the lock?"

"Well no duh Sherlock." I picked the rubber ends off and began twisting them in the keyhole. After a few moments there was a satisfying click and our duo went in. The first thing I saw was a fireplace and I immediately went to it and turned it on. I sighed in satisfaction, kneeling down and letting it warm my spread wings. "Think I'll turn up the heat in here," I said with a smirk, quoting on of my all time favorite movie characters. I wonder if I could make him real... I shrugged. Probably, but first I need to do Michael. I concentrated hard on every important detail to Michael Myers. The last thing I heard was a loud crash before I passed out.

"Hey brat, um, I mean Allison, are you okay?" Although the voice that spoke couldn't really care less if I was okay or not. I cracked my

eyes open to see darkness. The power was out.

"Freddy?"

"Yeah?"

"Where are you?"

"In your head." I blinked.

"You're in my head?"

"Well, more specifically your Dream World. I came here after this freak with a white mask stabbed me with a kitchen knife." Freak with a... Oh my God.

"So you just left me here to fend for myself?" I screeched in disbelief.

"Sure. You seem more than capable of taking care of yourself, and let's face it: I'm way too important to die."

"Freddy you-" I was cut short by a flourish of silver coming down on me. I screamed and rolled to the side just as the knife impaled the carpet where I had been seconds before. I did a back handspring and spread my wings aggressively; glaring hard at my attacker: Michael Myers. He seemed confused by my wings.

_What is she? _I picked up his thoughts. _She's not very old, must kill..._ My feathers unintentionally fluffed up at the idea.

"Michael, I'm Allison, I'm only thirteen, but I'm kind of a freak." I smiled in spite of myself.

_ You can read my thoughts? Must kill..._

"Yes, I can. And stop saying you're going to kill me. I need your help taking down an enemy of mine and if you don't agree, I'll just un-create you." I wasn't sure if I could do that, but a little threat never hurts. He stayed silent for a long time, and I was beginning to wonder if he was going to turn away my offer. Finally the serial killer answered.

Fine.

"Good. We'll head out tomorrow," I said briskly before flopping on the couch and wrapping myself up in my wings.

"Bird Brain," Freddy sneered.

"Shut up," I snarled back and Myers looked at me, confusion and rage registering in his eyes. "Oh, not you, I was talking to this voice inside my head." Wow, I sound like a total schizo.

_Do the voices speak to you too? _He asked.

"Um, noooo. Mine is an actual person," I explained carefully. This is by far the most disturbing thing I've ever had to respond to. Well,

there was that time were I dreamt Michael Jackson asked me to...never mind. "And by the way, if you see a burnt man in a Christmas sweater-"

"It isn't a Christmas sweater," Freddy objected. I ignored him.

"Don't kill him," I finished. Myers nodded and went into what I presumed was the kitchen. Only a moment later the hard downpour stopped and the light illuminated the room once more. Grinning, I set myself on fire a few moments, and it completely dried off my clothes. I let the fire die down and Michael walked in again.

I smell smoke.

"Oh, I just set myself on fire, nothing to worry about," I replied casually. He blinked at me.

This girl is nuts, must kill...

"Hey!" He ignored me and I curled up on the couch and was about to fall into a soft slumber, but before I did that... "Michael, be a dear and don't slit my throat with that kitchen knife that's over me. Nice try," I said sweetly without even opening my eyes. I heard stomping and a knife clattering on a counter. I chuckled lightly and drifted off to sleep.

AN: Well, that was fun. I hope you enjoyed and R&R as always. Who did I quote? You'll have to wait and read.

5. The Perverted Doll

Disclaimer: I don't own anything la de da la de freaking da... XD

The first thing I woke up to was an old lady beating me with a broom. And a very hard broom at that... I shrieked and attempted to cover myself with my wings as I climbed off the couch and darted around the room. My tormentor followed me at surprising speed, brandishing her broom and once in awhile smacking me in the butt with it. Okay, that probably sounded wrong.

"Lady what is wrong with you?" I screeched, jumping over the couch. We were now on opposite sides, and if she moved in one direction, I moved in another.

The old bat swung her broom at me, and it hit me in the face.

"Get out of my house you stupid cat!" The old bat swung her broom at me, and it hit me in the face. Um, what the heck? What kind of cat looks like a person and has wings! There's only one explanation: she's being controlled by the government! (mmhmm yep I'm that paranoid) Quick unimportant question: where the heck is Michael! I staggered back and fell through the floor and into the basement, and landed on, ooh lookie here, Michael. The slasher made an oomph sound and shoved me off of him. Myers glared down at me.

What were you doing? I flinched at the tone of harshness in his thoughts, before realizing a more important problem. I jerked my

finger in the direction of the stairs.

"RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! SHE'S GOT A BROOM," I cried hysterically as the door swung open and the old lady charged down the stairs. Our only escape route, other than up, but I wasn't sure if I wanted to try and fly with Michael. I hadn't noticed, but Freddy was laughing uncontrollably in my thoughts. _Shut up!_

"Make me brat," he snapped, then continued his fit of laughter as the crazed woman started to hit the serial killer with her device of torture; not even noticing Myers raising his knife. But before Mikey could kill the old hag, something sharp and metallic jutted out of her chest and she collapsed, lying on her stomach. It was then we saw a doll with wild orange hair and dressed in overalls pulling a switchblade out of her back. He grinned at me.

"Well, hello there sexy lady," he purred, putting away his knife. I shrieked and grabbed the broom and began hitting the pervey doll, who was cussing his head off. Krueger was still laughing violently.

"How dare you try and flirt with me you rapist Barbie," I roared, hitting him harder. By this time, the poor idiotic thing was wailing like a dying walrus, and although he'd never admit it, was crying as well. Michael watched the scene with pure sadistic fascination. After about an hour, I realized the doll wasn't going to die so I threw the broom aside and held him at arms length. "Who are you, perviest of all dolls?"

"C-Chucky." I should have guessed. I mean, dolls with orange hair that kill people aren't really popular on the market at the moment. Oh well, in a few years maybe America will fight in another war and use them as tiny, rapist assassins. I must have been dreaming about Charles, there's no other explanation to why he's here.

"Look, Chucky, I'm gonna tell you this now. You work for me, and if you become a pain, I'll hit you with the broom again, got it?" He nodded vigorously. "Good, c'mon Michael, lets get out of here before the cops show up." We left, and headed west towards California. I had to at least get there and maybe recruit some people. By the time all of us had reached the Illinois state border, Chucky was complaining. Quite frankly, all of us were getting pissed at his behavior. He wasn't even walking for God's sake! Michael was carrying him. I realize that is a scary picture, but there was no way I was going to let the pervert be that close to me.

"I want Allison to hold me," Chucky whined, "she's a lot sexier than you."

"Oh my God will you just shut up!" I roared, my eyes turning red and the sidewalk melted a bit where I had been standing. The idiot didn't seem to take a hint.

"But you're hot! I promise I won't stare at your-" I threw a rock at the Good Guy Doll (ironic name isn't it) and he passed out.

_Finally. _Michael thought. We walked a few more blocks before I went over to a tree and sat beneath it.

"Let's rest." Michael nodded and came over beside me. Freddy

materialized beside me and took a stab. The blades phased right through my heart and I glared at him. "What the h*ll was that Krueger?" He shrugged and leaned against the tree. I closed my eyes and sighed in irritation, beginning to think. _Okay, so Krueger's powers are somewhat powerful. Good. Maybe he can phase through walls...And Michael. Michael is pretty much invincible, well, he can't die. So...he could be a shield! Yes...now Chucky. Ummm...Charles could crawl through air vents and go to the control room, then disable all the security cameras and pass code locks. That could work nicely, but what about the distraction? I can't do that...I need to set the bomb. What about..._ I got up and thought hard. _Well, the human recruits would do, but they wouldn't last long, and what if I can't get any recruits?_ Then a name came to mind. "Ghostface..."

"What?" The Dream Master asked, glancing at me.

"Ghostface," I repeated, beginning to concentrate hard on the killer's details.

Allison look out!

"Huh- ack!" An agent in black tackled me and I struggled beneath him. "Get off me!" I bucked him off and snapped out my wings, flying high before another could do the same thing. Beneath me the serial killers were in their own battles...and all except for Michael were losing. Two agents had Krueger pinned and another had Chucky in handcuffs, which effectively restrained him, partially because he wasn't fully conscious. Another half dozen were fighting to keep Myers down, and more black cars, and people poured in while the few civilians scattered. They drew their guns... My eyes widened as a bullet whizzed passed, but these weren't ordinary bullets, these were tranquilizers. I hit two hundred miles per hour as I soared higher up, determined to get out of the tranqs firing distance. About 300 feet up I stopped, but it wasn't over. A blast wave slammed into me, and I was almost knocked out of the sky. I turned to see a heat-seeker racing towards me, and close behind were two jets. I hit two hundred again, but that missile was just as fast as I was and I couldn't go on forever, unlike this thing. I skyrocketed upwards before spreading out my wings and feeling the winds thrust me back past the jets and the missile. But they soon turned and I folded my wings in, dropping altitudelike a rock. I snapped my wings out again when I was in the shelter of the trees. It was easy for me to weave in and out of the oaks, so I lost the jets and the heat-seeker. After another five minutes I landed in a tree, scanning the area. Nothing I could see. I sighed, my heart sinking. I should have known it wouldn't work that easily. Krueger and Chucky had no experience in combat, neither did Michael but he could at least take a bunch of bullets. I needed someone who knew how to get their hands dirty and kick some butt when it came to combat. I realized something. It didn't have to be a slasher; it could be something else entirely. Not even a human! Then it hit me. Who I needed was- A sharp, needlelike pain hit the back of my arm and I whipped around and pulled out the tranq lodged in my skin. My eyes widened in horror and I tried to stand, but my head reeled and I lost my balance. I fell out of the tree and to the forest floor below. The dull pain of falling from such great height came, but that was the least of my worries. Several black blurs came into view. I was already losing my sight, and becoming drowsy.

"Nice work Murphy." The voice sounded so distant, but I knew it. Hands roughly grabbed my wings and I struggled weakly, resulting in the butt of a gun slamming into the back of my head. I felt the all too familiar feeling of chains being tied around me. As a futile attempt I burst into flames, resulting in slurred swearing and foam being sprayed over me. I spluttered, barely conscious at this point. Hands lifted me again and began to carry me, but then I heard another sound. Screaming, well more like a cry, and I was roughly dropped and I heard guns being cocked. Were the others here? I tried to keep my eyes open, and I saw blurs of black lying around me, others trying to fight off something I couldn't see clearly. Everything was starting to look the same, and all that I knew was that a set of hands grabbed me, and then I slipped into unconsciousness. But...the fingers felt like, or what I thought felt like, claws on my skin.

****AN:** Yay, another chapter! Hope you liked; please R&R it's appreciated. ;D******

6. He Deserves Respect For What He's Done

****AN:** Don't own anything except for the plot and my OC's, if you want to use Allison, please ask me first, thanks. :)******

I woke up propped against a tree, and with a very bad migraine. I clutched my head and winced. My whole body was wracked with indescribable pain and I groaned. God, now I must really look awful. But hey, there weren't any chains on me. I got up from the ground quickly, and a little too quickly at that. My head spun and I had to leaned against the tree to support myself. That meant someone had helped me, which meant I could be in danger, which meant I was being extremely paranoid. Oh well, why change what has worked for me for so many years? I searched the area for any signs of the Black suits, or for my rescuer. Something did catch my eye though. My chains were laying to my right, melted. What could have done that? I twig snapped behind me and I spun around to face whatever it was. Nothing was there.

"Come on out; I know you're there," I yelled. I heard the faintest scratching noise by an oak about five feet away. I balled my fists, which soon were flaming. I spread out my palms and aimed at the tree. White fire shot out of my hands and almost instantaneously charred the tree and reduced it to ash. Only one thing was left standing right in the fire. A figure dressed in a grey turtleneck, black trench coat, blackish grey pants, and combat boots. The figure stepped out of the fire, not even being burned, to reveal his more frightening appearance. Frightening to most, but not to me, at least. He had scarlet skin, purple dreadlocks, piercing yellow eyes, and sharp facial features, such as his high cheekbones and pointed chin. Four maroon claws were on each of his hands, but the index claw on his left hand glowed bright orange. The male glared at me, one fist clenching a black chain with glowing purple beads. A DNA chain... "Thrax," I said calmly, "Nice to meet you in um, person." I'll be perfectly honest. On the inside, I was freaking out like an insane fangirl, because Thrax is the most epic person in the world. Well, the most epic Red Death virus. Thrax looked at me fiercely.

"How do you know my name and why am I here?" He asked bluntly. I blinked at him.

"First: I know your name because you're in a movie called Osmosis Jones, and two: I kind of needed you, so I brought your character to life." The pathogen seemed neutral.

"So, you're sayin' I'm in a movie?" the virus mused before turning harsh. "How stupid do you think I am?" I held up my hands in defense as he advanced.

"L-Look um I really need your help," I stammered. He stopped and smirked coldly at me.

"Baby, I don't work for anyone, so you're gonna have to find someone else."

"Fine! You want proof! Well here you go!" I snapped as I shape shifted into him. Thrax seemed mildly shocked, but of course, he's too bad and hot to show almost any emotion. So for him this was, like, completely freaking out. I cleared my throat before imitating him perfectly. "You see this? This here little DNA bead comes from a little girl in Riverside, California, who didn't like to wash her hands. Took me three whole weeks. And this one: nice lady in Detroit Mowtown, six days flat. And there's this old guy in Philly, I killed him in seventy-two hours. Yeah, I'm gettin' better as I go along baby, but the problem is I never set the record, until my man Frank that is. I'm gonna take him down in 48 hours; get my own chapter in the medical books." By this time, he was gaping at me.

"You're serious aren't you?"

"Dead serious." I reverted back to my normal appearance. "If you don't help me, I'll just make you unreal again." That seemed to get his attention. He didn't respond for a good five minutes, but finally the pathogen agreed. I screamed in joy, and practically dove on Thrax. He swore and I hugged him tightly.

"Get off for Frank's sake," he snapped detaching me from him. I was giggling almost hysterically, and the virus grimaced at me like I was some kind of parasite. Thrax sighed, "So, what do I have to do? Beat up some prissy ***** for ya, or maybe steal nail polish?" I didn't appreciate his sarcasm, but that it's kind of his trademark.

"No, that's child's play compared to this. We're going up against Area 51, and possibly the government all together." His eyes widened slightly.

"And, with no help? Seriously, baby, I'm awesome, but I didn't think you worshipped me." I pursed my lips and glared hard at him.

"No, we have help, they just got their a**es kicked by some FBI agents." Thrax quirked what would have been an eyebrow at me and I buried my face in my hands. We were so done for. I led on, and soon we were in Iowa. After another five miles of walking along a country road I stopped and sat. Thrax glanced at me before scanning the area with his sharp vision.

"So, what all can you do? I know you're a pyrokinetic and a shape shifter, but..." he trailed off.

"I can pretty much do anything, I mean, except in storms and such." I materialized a milkshake and held it up. "Want it? I don't drink

these that much." The virus hesitated.

"Uh, what is it?" I stared at him, not believing what he just said.

"Are you kidding? It's a freaking milkshake! How do you not know what a milkshake is?"

"Well I'm not human," he snapped back. "For all I care you're just another body waiting to be taken down!" I withdrew and glared at him.

"Do you want it or not?" I asked sharply. Before he could even answer I got up and shoved it into his hands; then stormed ahead. Thrax threw the shake aside and followed. "Stupid virus thinks he's so cool. I'll show him...and 'Ebola's a case of dandruff to me' my butt," I muttered under my breath. "I need to get the slashers, but where are they?" I stopped and closed my eyes, then put my hands out in front of me. In an instant the three villains appeared and landed on one another. It was a strain on my power, and I felt light headed a moment. Chucky, unfortunately, was on the bottom, and screaming like he was going to get raped.

"What the-?" Freddy began before glancing up at me, to which I grinned impertinently. "_You_, well it's about time brat! They were doing all this messed up tests on us!"

"Yeah, what took you so long?" Chucky demanded as the other two got off of him.

It wasn't that bad to me. Michael thought._ But I can't really feel anything after getting shot, stabbed, set on fire, and run over so many times._ Freddy's gaze shot to Thrax, and his eyes narrowed.

"Oi *****, what's he?" I was about to respond, but the pathogen pushed me aside and stared hard at Krueger.

"I'm a virus. Got a problem with that?" he snapped.

"Wait. You mean, he isn't a slasher?" Chucky asked before bursting out laughing. "Ha! Let me guess, Disney created you, which by law automatically makes you gay." Thrax's eyes widened and he balled his fists.

"Of course he isn't a slasher," the Dream Master put in, "he still looks animated."

"Pfft, awe look he's angry, what are you going to do? Shower me with flowers?" Chucky sneered. That was enough to set him off and Thrax snatched the Good Guy Doll up at lightning speed and stabbed him with his claw. The doll shrieked and cradled his bleeding arm. "You S.O.*! You hurt my arm," he whined before Thrax dropped him and advanced on Freddy.

"Hey, stay back," Krueger warned, brandishing his knives. The virus looked un-amused and lit up his claw.

"Mmm baby, I think I'll just turn up the heat in here." He ran up to Freddy, who cut through his trench coat, but soon his knives were melting, after being touched by Thrax's fiery, infectious claw. The

pathogen gripped Krueger's neck and his opponent's eyes widened in fear. "Somebody lay down a towel this is gonna be messy." He grinned sadistically; about to impale Freddy through the chest.

"Thrax!" He turned to me, an annoyed look on his face.

"What?"

"You can't kill him, we need them." He was about to comeback with some snappy comment, before I warned him. "I'll kill you, I swear to God I will." The virus growled lowly before dropping Freddy and stalking away. The Dream Master advanced on Thrax, before the new recruit of my team ignited his claw once more. Freddy stopped dead in his tracks; not quite over his fear of fire.

"Do me a favor," Thrax hissed lowly, "stay away from me. All of you. I don't need your company, and as soon as we get this over with, I'm leaving. Got it?" No one said anything, and he continued on. "Especially you burn boy, keep away, you sick freak." With that the virus went on ahead, while Freddy muttered profane things about him. Oh, they were going to get along so well.

****AN:** Alright, yeah, Thrax is the one who isn't a slasher. I know he's different, but give him a chance, okay? Please. R&R.**

7. Two New Members

****Disclaimer:** Don't own anything. I'm really, really sorry that it has taken me so long to update, this story, and all of my others at that. I've been having MAJOR computer troubles. Please forgive me! I'll try my hardest to update more frequently.**

"Alright, let's rest here," I said, plopping down under a tall oak tree. The others soon did the same. Thrax sat out in the sun defiantly, about ten feet away from the rest of us.

"Jerk," Chucky muttered. "He's not from Disney, that's for sure."

"I think Warner Bros made him," I said nonchalantly, putting my arms behind my head and yawning lazily.

_Why did you think to bring him out? _Michael asked. The others disapproving eyes turned to me.

"Uhâ€¦wellâ€¦I didn't really mean to bring him out. I was half knocked out from the tranqs and I guess I just thought about him."

"You couldn't have thought of someone else?" Krueger asked nastily.

"We should get to choose who comes out of your screwed up brain next," Chucky said.

"Wait-" I started.

I agree.

"Yeah, let us choose brat."

"Come on, Allison." I bit my lip. Thrax finally walked over to us.

"What are you idiots deciding?" he asked.

"We're deciding who's coming out of the brat's head next since she messed up with you," Krueger explained smugly. Thrax's eye narrowed and he sat next to me.

"And just who do you think is going to be better than me?" he demanded.

"Anyone is better than you," Chucky growled.

"Knock it off," I snapped, "everyone just shut up. If you're going to choose whoever is next, you need to cut it out right now or I'll bring someone much worse."

Who's worse than him?

"Barney," I said casually.

"Who's Barney?" Thrax asked.

"He's a purple pedophile dinosaur that has his own TV show," Chucky explained, "I suggest we all shut up now because if she does add him to the team I won't be able to sleep." Everyone went silent.

"Good. Here are our choices." I materialized pictures of every slasher I knew. The villains looked them over.

"What the h*** is this thing?" Krueger asked.

"Jeepers Creepers."

"What does he do?"

"He eats people every 23 years in springâ€¦I think."

_Let's go with him. _Michael said.

"Weren't you listenin' pumpkin boy?" the Good Guy doll asked. "He eats people every _23__rd__ spring_. We don't know if it's the 23rd year or not, and it's not even spring! It's summer you moron!" Michael stared at Chucky, his eyes burning with rage. He grabbed his kitchen knife and stabbed Chucky in the back when he wasn't looking. The doll screamed in pain, but none of us did anything to help him. Thrax picked up a picture of a killer in a hockey mask.

"Who's this?"

"Oh no," Krueger snapped, yanking the picture from him and stabbing it with his claws, "we are _not_ letting hockey puck join this team." I rolled my eyes and made another picture of Jason appear.

"Let's keep an open mind, Freddy." He muttered darkly and crossed his arms. Thrax glared at him before choosing another photo.

"What about him?" I glanced at the photo, my eyes widening.

"What picture is it?" Chucky asked through clenched teeth. He pulled the knife out of his back and handed it to Michael. "I think this belongs to you." Michael carefully took the knife, and then stabbed him again. Chucky cursed a blue streak as he tried to pull it out for the second time.

_Who is it? _Michael asked.

"Uhâ€¦it's Hannibal."

"Who?" Freddy looked at me strangely. Chucky once again pulled the knife from his back, this time throwing the weapon ten feet away.

"Who the heck is Hannibal?"

"Hannibal Lecter is this really smart psychiatrist who helped stop Buffalo Bill and the Tooth Fairy. I think there's someone else but I forget who."

"Okay, so? What makes him a villain?" Freddy demanded. I gulped.

"That's the down sideâ€¦he eats people." The killers looked at me with wide eyes.

"This guy's a cannibal!" Chucky rose from his spot and grabbed my shirt collar. He pulled me down to his level. "There's no way in heaven or h*** we're letting a cannibal on this team."

"But he's smart-" I started.

"I don't care if he's smart! We'll be like walking orderlies (didn't spell that rightâ€¦) to him! Just look at pizza boy over there, he's a goner!"

"Watch your mouth doll," Freddy sneered.

"Can't we just give him a shot?" Thrax asked.

"Ohh says the guy who isn't even human," Chucky joked viciously.

"Look who's talking Barbie," he retorted. First, they screamed at each other. Then, the argument turned into an all out brawl. I scramble up the tree to avoid Freddy's glove. I clung to a branch.

"Knock it off you guys," I shouted. The serial killers paid no attention to me. Michael had Freddy and Thrax in a headlock, Chucky was stuck on Freddy blades, Thrax was trying furiously to get out of Myer's grip, and I was up in a tree watching the whole thing go down. I gritted my teeth, my eyes turning red. "I said: KNOCK IT OFF!" I let go of the branch and slammed my foot hard into the ground. The killers were instantly electrocuted. They stared at me with wide, disbelieving eyes.

"Why'd ya go and shock us?" Chucky demanded.

"Yeah, what's the big idea?" Thrax hissed.

"What's the big idea?" I repeated. "_WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?_" I slammed my fist into a tree. Splinters of bark flew every which way. "The big idea is that you _can't work together _without biting each other's heads off!"

"Have you watched our movies?" Freddy asked. "We _don't_ get buddy buddy with people and partner up with them. We slit their throats."

"I don't care," I snapped. "We work together on this team. No "if"s, "and"s, or "but"s. Got it?" The slashers muttered to themselves and I rolled my eyes. "Good enough. Now, let's choose someone already." After a few hours of arguing and fighting and electrocution we managed to narrow it down to three people: Hannibal, Jason and Ghostface.

_I want another killer on the team who can't talk. _Michael thought.

"Yeah, well, I wouldn't have a problem with that except it's hockey puck we're talking about," Freddy snarled. "And your opinion doesn't matter here anyways, Myers. Go back to your pumpkin patch hippie."

"Watch it Krueger," I warned. "Don't talk to Michael that way."

"_Don't talk to Michael that way_, " he mimicked. "What are you my mother?" I glared at him.

"I still say we should go with the cannibal," Thrax said.

"You just want the cannibal because he'll eat all of us," Chucky retorted.

"And your point being?" They began to argue again. I materialized a whistle and blew it. The killers stopped to stare at me.

"Don't make me blow it again," I warned.

"(cough) That's what she said (cough)," Freddy snickered. The killers broke into laughter and I rolled my eyes and crossed my arms.

"It's like dealing with three-year-oldsâ€|or so I've been told," I mumbled. I waited for their mad laughter to subside before speaking again. "I think we should go with Ghostface. The dude is epic at scaring the heck out of people and murdering them."

_So is Jason. _Michael pressed.

"Quit talking about Voorhees," Freddy snapped, his knives flicking dangerously.

"Heh heh, it would be kinda funny to have Ghostface on the team," I said.

"Why's that brat?" Krueger asked.

"Because the guy who created you, Wes Craven, directed your movie and Scream, the movie Ghostface is in." Freddy looked as if he were in deep thought.

"Alright, let's get Ghostfreak or whatever the h*** his name is."

I want Jason. Michael thought furiously.

"You want him sooooo bad, don't ya Myers," Chucky said. Michael reached inside his pocket for a knife, but didn't find it. "I'm so glad I threw that knife away," Chucky snickered.

"Chucky quit being pervy," I said sternly. "Okay, so we all good with Ghosty?"

"I still want the cannibal," Thrax objected.

"Yeah you want the old British cannibal sooooooooooooo bad," Chucky laughed. I frowned and materialized THE broom. I began beating the doll over the head with it. Chucky floundered about helplessly, swearing and cussing us out. After about five minutes of beating him relentlessly I dematerialized the broom.

"I told you to stop."

"You didn't have to bring out the freakin' broom!"

"You people are weird," Thrax said.

"Alright if we're weird you're a freak of nature," Freddy said nonchalantly. Before they began to fight again I interrupted.

"Okay, settle down! I'll bring both of them out," I said. "But I'll probably pass out, so here's what gonna go down, and I don't want to hear anyone complain, got it?"

"Sure."

"Whatever."

"Anything you say."

Fine.

"Alright. Firstly: no one goes off without me or leaves the team or so help me I will hunt you down and beat you TO DEATH with the flippin' broom!" They stared at me with wide eyes. I cleared my throat and continued. "Secondly: If agents come and find us, listen to Thrax because he's hidden from police before." That earned a few groans and lightning struck a tree nearby. The slasher's eyes got even wider than before. "Next time I will hit one of you. I'm not sure who and no one is safe so SHUT UP and let me continue. If it comes down to worst case scenario you leave Chucky behind. Even if another team member is on the verge of dying and he's physically fine leave him. If Chucky is on the verge of dying and everyone else is fine, you still leave him."

"What?" Chucky roared. "Why is it just me?"

"Because I don't like you," I stated bluntly. "Finally: the MOST

important ruleâ€¦keep the pervy Barbie's hands _off _of me while I'm knocked out. I want everyone on guard and watching to make sure he doesn't try anything funny." Chucky flipped me off and lighting came down and struck him. "Oh, I forgot to mention this: DON'T let the new slashers wander off and explain things to them, okay?" Everyone nodded and I put my hands in front of myself. "Alright, here goes nothingâ€¦"

****HI! Did everyone like? Please R&R. :)****

8. Good as Stupid

****Disclaimer: I do not own any of the characters except my OC's and plotline.****

I awoke a few hours later to find I was hanging upside down five feet off the ground. My ankles were bound with chains and my wrists with rope. What the H. E. double French fires did I flippin' miss while I was out? I snapped the rope easily and tried to pull myself up so I could undo the chains, only to find that they were slicked down with oil. I sighed in irritation and looked around. Hanging next to me was Thrax, Freddy, Michael, Chucky, and Ghostface. All of which appeared to be unconscious. I looked upâ€¦downâ€¦whatever the heck direction to see a man humming as he tried to make a fire.

"Thrax," I hissed lowly. He didn't respond. I swung back and forth until I grabbed the fabric of his trench coat. I shook him. "Wake up!" Sadly Thrax didn't wake up and I used all my strength to push him away from me. The virus collided with the others with such force they all were jarred awakeâ€¦except Ghostface. I rolled my eyes as they groggily looked at me.

"Allison," Chucky slurred, "Whaâ€¦wha happened?"

"My head freakin' hurts," Freddy complained loudly.

_Did I get hit by a car again? _Michael asked. The man below glanced at us and smiled.

"Well, you're awake. What a pleasant surprise," he said cheerfully.

"Doctor Hannibal Lecter," I greeted, "it's a pleasure to meet you in person."

"No, the pleasure's all mine my dear," Hannibal replied pleasantly. "I don't wish to be intrusive, but how do you know my name? Have we met before?"

"Look you British hippie," Chucky snarled, "you better cut the crap and let us down or I'll gut you like a fish." Hannibal's eyes darkened.

"Chucky, let me handle this," I whispered.

"That's an interesting toy you have there, my dear," Hannibal said darkly. Chucky's temper flared to life.

"Now you listen here-"

"Oh can it Barbie," Thrax snapped. "Look Lecter, let us down from here. Now, before I burn you alive."

"Will you all please shut up," I pleaded. Hannibal smiled in fake cheerfulness.

"I thinkâ€|you willbe the first to go," he said. The cannibal proceeded over to Chucky and took him down. All the while the doll was screaming profanities which really weren't helping his case. Hannibal tied him to a rod over the fire and began to turn him slowly.

"I'm not human you idiot!" Charles roared.

"It never hurts to try new things," Lecter replied ominously.

"Dr. Lecter please let me explain," I tried. I phased through the chains and landed on my feet. Hannibal's eyes widened. I held up my hands. "I'm sorry about my friends-"

"I don't think we qualify as friends, Allison," Krueger objected, "we all hate each other." I continued on.

"-they aren't acquainted with decency and manners."

"Neither are you," Chucky snarled.

"I'm trying to save you're sorry plastic butt here, Chucky!" I regained control of myself and sighed. "Please, they're just a little freaked out. If you stop cooking the doll I'll explain."

"Explain now. You're pressing your luck as it is."

"Oh okay. Well, my name is Allison. This is Thrax, Freddy, Michael, Ghostface and you're roasting Chucky. We've all banded together to try and take down Area 51. I'm currently on the run from the government because they want to manufacture soldiers like me. You and everyone else here have been brought out of their movies to help me." Dr. Lecter was silent for some time.

"â€|If I'm in a movie, tell me something about myself that isn't obvious."

"Okaaayâ€|you're a psychiatrist, you helped stop Buffalo Bill in Silence of the Lambs and the Tooth Fairy in Red Dragon, you use a harpy knife for a weapon, and personally, and this is just me we're talking about I'm not sure if this is true, but I think you've got a thing for Clarice Starling." Hannibal stared at me.

"â€|Alright, I believe you." I let out a sigh of relief.

"Great."

"Can somebody get me down from here?" Chucky roared. "I'm melting!" Dr. Lecter cut through the rope and threw him into a bush. Hannibal and I got everyone else down from the trees and soon we were all sitting around the fire.

"Soâ€¦what are you exactly?" Hannibal asked Thrax, poking at the fire with a stick.

"I'm a virus capable of killing people in forty-eight hours or less," Thrax answered casually if not a bit boastfully.

"Uhâ€¦I don't mean to rain on your parade, Thraxâ€¦but you never did kill Frank," I said.

"I would have if Jones hadn't stopped me," he muttered darkly. Thrax glanced at Ghostface, who was still unconscious and propped against a tree. "When the heck is he gonna wake up?"

"Who knows," Chucky replied. Freddy took a long stick and poked Ghostface with it.

"You sure he's still alive, brat?"

"Well, he's breathing," I mumbled.

"I'd be surprised if he wakes up at all," Hannibal commented, "I hit him over the head much harder than the others."

"Why?"

"I couldn't knock him unconscious the first three times."

"Ohâ€¦"

"Say, Allison, does his mask look different than the one we saw in the picture?" Thrax asked. I looked at Ghostface a bit more closely.

"You know, you're right. Why the heck is he smiling?" I snapped my fingers and his mask was back to normal. "There we go. Good as new." Freddy poked him once more with the stick, and Ghostface stirred. He moaned and glanced at all of us. "Hey Ghostface," I greeted. He just stared in my direction. "Let me explain-" I was cut off by an earsplitting scream and all of us covered our ears. I fell to the ground in pain. My wings snapped out and covered me.

"Where is that god-awful noise coming from?" I snapped.

_I think it's Ghostface. _Michael thought.

"Make him stop," I screamed. I _really_ hated my hyper hearing at the moment. Freddy materialized a shovel and hit him over the head with it a couple of times. Finally, he stopped. I rose from the ground, clutching my head.

"_What _just happened?" Chucky demanded. "Did you activate his self destruct or something?"

"Is he supposed to do that?" Hannibal asked.

"No. He's not really supposed to say anything unless it's over the phone."

"British boy over here must've given him permanent brain damage,"

Freddy growled. When Ghostface tried to get up Krueger hit him with the shovel again.

"â€|Maybe not." I walked over to Ghostface. I looked at his mask. "Before Thrax, you noticed his mask was different."

"Yeah," he said slowly. "What has that got to do with anything?"

"Oh my God," I moaned. "I brought the wrong version out."

"Well, which version _did_ you bring out, brat?" Freddy demanded. I gulped.

"Theâ€|_Scary Movie _versionâ€|"

"_Scary Movie_?" Chucky asked.

"It's a combination of all the horror films and it makes fun of them," I sighed. "I guess I thought of him instead of the regular version."

"So bring out the regular version and put this moron back in your head," Krueger snapped.

"I can't my powers are pretty much zapped right now," I yelled back. "Maybe he can still be of some use."

"_How_"

"I don't know I think he's still kind of smart." I prodded him with my boot. "Yo Ghostfaceâ€|ya'll right?" He twitched and moaned a little. "Yeah you're gonna be fine." (LOL I'm guessing no one sane knows what I'm referencing. Be **GLAD** you don'tâ€|)

"I see dead people," he said. My eye twitched.

"Uhhhâ€|okay, maybe Hannibal _did_ give him brain damage."

_He's somewhat right. _Michael though, shrugging.

"So what do we do with him now?" Thrax asked in a bored tone. Michael grabbed Ghostface's ankle and threw him into a thorny patch of bushes.

_Out of sight out of mind. _

"We can't just leave him here!" I cried.

_Why not? _

"Because if he sees dead people he's obviously not smart enough to survive on his own."

_An even better reason to leave him here. He won't be able to follow us. _I face palmed.

"We're not leaving him, even if he is an idiot."

"You're too soft," Thrax commented.

"Shut up," I snapped. "I have a soul."

"What's a soul?" Chucky asked, seeming genuinely puzzled. The killers broke out laughing and I rolled my eyes.

"Alright you two. Since you're feeling smart _you _get him out of the thorn bushes."

"Yeah, Chucky, get him out of the bushes," Thrax said. He grabbed Chucky and threw him into the patch, causing the doll to swear violently.

"I meant you too, Thrax," I said, my arms crossed.

"There's no way I'm going in there, kid," he snorted. The virus smirked at me and I looked to Michael.

_Michael would you do me a favor? _I asked telepathically, jerking my head in Thrax's direction. The killer nodded and nonchalantly walked up behind the Red Death. Then, he grabbed the back of his trench coat and dragged him over to the bushes.

"Hey wait-wait what are you doing?" Thrax spluttered. Michael easily lifted him up and dropped him on several thorn bushes and casually walked away. "Myers you're gonna burn!" he roared, trying to un-stick himself. After a few moments he managed to get free and tried to stomp out, only to run straight into a force field. "What the-?" Thrax glared at me. My hand was raised and glowing blue.

"You can come out when you get Ghostface," I told him. The killers on my side watched in amusement as Thrax and Chucky tried to untangle Ghostface from the thorns, occasionally cursing at us. (Oh, why lie? Everyone reading this is probably thirteen and upâ€|or just don't care) They were cursing at us EVERY second of the way. As the two attempted to carry Ghostface out he woke up and instantly punched Thrax in the face. Thrax dropped him and Ghostface ran with Chucky still holding onto one of his ankles.

"Run, Forest, run!" I called. Hannibal and Freddy burst out laughing, and even Michael seemed to be trying not to laugh as Thrax chased Ghostface around the thorn bushes. Chucky was screaming the whole time, which didn't make the situation any better. Finally, the virus tackled and dragged a flailing Ghostface out of the bushes. I let down the force field. "Wonderful job boys."

"Never talk to me again," Thrax growled. He dropped Ghostface at my feet and stormed ahead of the group. I rolled my eyes.

"Whatever." My stomach growled. "I'm hungry. Anyone else?" They nodded.

"I'd like a liver with some fava beans, and a nice Chianti." My eye twitched.

"Uh, no. Just no, Hannibal. If you're going to stay in this group you can't eat people."

"Very well."

"And what do you think we're going to eat brat?" Freddy asked, his

arms crossed. "We're out in the middle of no where and your powers are drained."

"Can't you materialize food?" I demanded. Krueger shrugged.

"Just because I can doesn't mean I want to."

"Anyone else know how to materialize McDonalds," I asked, raising my hand. No one moved. "Okaaayâ€|yeah we're out of luck."

"Some leader you are," Thrax muttered.

"Why don't you butt out," I hissed.

"Make me." I glanced at Hannibal and Michael before marching up to Thrax. I poked him in the chest with my finger. His eyes narrowed.

"I've got killers here that can wipe the floor with your sorry BUTT Disney boy! So I suggest you pitch in, shut up, and quit being such a smart Alec." He grabbed my throat and ignited his claw. My eyes turned red.

"Ohhh you're gonna pay for that one brat," he said.

"Try it and see what happens," I growled.

"You're TEARING ME APART!" Ghostface shrieked. Thrax and I both stared at him, confused expressions on our faces. Michael then came up and separated us.

_I want food, and neither of you are getting us anywhere. _Michael stated.

"Ask the little bird brain to poof up something," Thrax said.

"What part of 'my powers are zapped' do you not understand?" I snapped back.

"What part of 'I really don't care' do you not understand?"

"You're just mad 'cause you're the only cartoon villain here and you're taking orders from a girl!" Thrax advanced on me, but Freddy and Hannibal intervened.

"Hey, leave the kid alone," Krueger growled.

"Oooh so now you're gonna get involved pizza face?" Thrax asked venomously. The virus shoved Freddy backwards. Hannibal flipped out his harpy, holding it to Thrax's face.

"Try to make another move," Hannibal said calmly, "and I'll eat you."

"Oh terrifying," Thrax mocked.

"What's your problem?" I snapped.

"My problem is I hate all of you!"

"We hate you too," Freddy replied, crossing his arms. "But it's not our fault you're gay and that blood sucking company, Disney, created you." Thrax flew at Freddy and their claws met. Krueger managed to push the virus away from him, and Thrax skidded backwards. Hannibal looked more than game to fight as well. Chucky, Michael, Ghostface and I watched.

"So you're gonna play like that?" Thrax asked, cracking his neck. "Fine. Let's do this." His left index claw ignited and he slashed at Hannibal. Lecter deflected Thrax's attack with his own weapon, which soon melted away. Hannibal's eyes widened. Freddy stood by Hannibal's side, flashing his bladed glove. I looked from side to side; desperate to find anything that would make them stop. Finally, I took a risk. I used my power to force Thrax's back into him. The Red Death looked stunned as his claw gradually died out. I leaned against Michael when I had accomplished my task.

"That was great work, guys," I said, looking at Hannibal and Freddy. "Now if only all of us could put our differences aside and work together." I glared at Thrax.

"I'm not going to put up with these morons," Thrax said.

"Wait, are you bleeding?" Chucky asked. Thrax glanced at himself, confused.

"What, no-"

"I wasn't talking to you," Chucky snapped, "I was talking to the girl with blood coming from her eyes." I carefully reached up and touched the corner of my eye. Sure enough, I was crying blood.

"Dang it!" I muttered, trying to wipe away the red blurring my eyes. I shut my eyes tightly to lessen the stinging pain. "Ow!" I shook my head as my regular tears mixed with the blood. Hannibal or I assumed it was Hannibal, came beside me and made me sit down on the grass. "Can someone get me some water?" I asked, and then added, "Please?" I heard a familiar swooshing sound, the kind that the surroundings make when I materialize something. I assumed it was Krueger. I heard a pail being handed off and then cold, icy water was thrown on me. I swore, my wings unintentionally snapping out and fluffing. Slowly, the red washed away and I could see clearly. Michael was standing before me, bucket in hand. "Thanks Michael," I muttered, wiping what was left of the blood away with my hand. He nodded and tossed the bucket aside. It disappeared before it hit the ground. My wings wrapped around me as I tried to warm myself. Thrax attempted to walk over to me, but Freddy stepped in front of him.

"What do you think you're doing?" Freddy asked gruffly, crossing his arms. His claws flicked dangerously.

"I was just-"

"Leave her alone," Chucky cut in. Thrax glared at him. "You're the one who made her bleed."

"Hey, she didn't have to-"

"Just back off awhile," Krueger said. Thrax rolled his eyes and tried

to go around him, but Michael blocked his path. The killers looked at him coldly. Thrax growled lowly and stormed off. I watched him leave.

"You guys didn't have to do that," I said after he was out of hearing range.

"Then why didn't you stop us?" Krueger asked. I opened my mouth, but no explanation came out. Truth be told I was glad they sent him away for awhile. I didn't want Thrax near me at the moment. Having no answer Krueger looked away from me.

"I'd be more than happy to eat him for you," Hannibal suggested. I shook my head.

"No, thank you, Hannibal. We all need to learn to work together somehow."

"Why can't we be friends? Why can't we be friendsâ€|?" Ghostface sang.

"You're not helping," Chucky snapped.

"I wasn't trying to." I sighed loudly.

"Krueger, could you please materialize us some food. I think all of us need some fuel." Freddy glared at me, and in return I gave him a stern look that said I would beat him with the broom if he didn't do what I said. He groaned and rolled his eyes.

"Fine."

"I'd like a steak, rare, with a nice Chianti," Hannibal said.

"French fries!" Ghostface demanded.

"Two Hamburgers, no lettuce; extra cheese," Chucky ordered.

"I'm not a waiter!" Freddy roared at them.

"What about a waitress?" Ghostface asked innocently. Freddy rolled his head to the side to look at him, a dark expression across his face.

"Ghostface?"

"Hmm?"

"Come here." Ghostface walked over to him and Freddy stabbed him with his claws. He dropped to the ground.

"Freddy," I yelled.

"What?"

"He's going to bleed to death!"

"Is that the bad part?" I stared at him as if he were stupid. Freddy held up his gloved hand.

"Alright, alright, hold your horses brat." Ghostface's wounds closed up, but he was knocked unconscious. "There. Good as stupid." I rolled my eyes. "Okay, anything else?" Freddy demanded.

"Chicken nuggets," I said.

German Shepard. Michael ordered. All of our jaws dropped. Freddy looked from him to me.

"Uhâ€¦do you really want me toâ€¦?"

"No," I said immediately, "don't give him a dog."

_Okay, what about a rat or two? _Michael asked. I covered my mouth with my hand. My stomach was getting queasier by the second.

"_Nothing _raw," I said.

Okay then, I'll have-

"Or abnormal!" Michael stopped, glaring at me.

_Do you want me to starve or something? _He asked bluntly.

"Fine by me," Chucky chirped.

"Ditto," Krueger said.

"Just give him chicken nuggets too," I muttered.

"What part of a chicken is the nugget?" Ghostface said as he came to. I glanced at him.

"Why does this matter?"

"I was just wondering," he said, shrugging, "I mean, what if the nugget is its butt or something?" I gaped at him.

"Okâ€¦um, Freddy, get us chicken legs instead, alright?"

"Make up your freaking minds!" Krueger demanded.

"Alright!" I pointed to myself. "Ghostface, Michael and I want fried chicken legs-"

"I want French fries," Ghostface shrieked.

"And French fries," I added, "Hannibal wants steak and Chianti, and Chucky wants two hamburgers, got it?" Freddy rolled his eyes and nodded. The food appeared in a flash. Ghostface dove on top of the French fries, hissing. I grabbed a French fry he had forgotten to guard and popped it into my mouth. He saw and proceeded to scream profanities.

"That was mine!"

"You've got a hundred or so more," I snapped.

"Go be a freak of nature somewhere else," Freddy growled. Ghostface muttered darkly to himself as he gathered his fries and slinked away into the shadows. I watched him, a look of disdain crossing my face. After he was out of my sight I slowly sat down next to Michael.

"I think he's got more brain damage than we realized." Michael stated. The rest of us nodded in agreement.

"Indeed." I grabbed a chicken leg and bit down, using my razor sharp canines to slice through the meat. Soon the bone was picked clean. I tossed it aside and grabbed another. As I was about to bite down, however, I stopped, noticing the disgusted look Hannibal was giving me. "What?" I asked defensively.

"I'm not accustomed to seeing a young lady such as yourself eating so rapaciously."

"Yeah? And this is coming from the guy that eats people raw on occasion. I don't think you have any room to talk, Hannibal." Ghostface appeared from behind, cradling what French fries he had left. And yes, I do mean cradling.

"Yeah! You eat people's faces like OM NOM NOM NOM!" Ghostface shoved the rest of the fries into his mouth. The killers and I gaped at him, exchanging looks that said 'why the crap is he allowed to live on this planet, and why aren't we putting the rest of the world out of its misery by killing him?' Then, it seemed our prayers were answered because he began to choke on a French fry—or several. He dropped to the ground, flailing helplessly and making unattractive choking sounds.

"Uh—anyone know the Heimlich maneuver?" I asked. Hannibal nodded, as did Chucky and Michael. "Does anyone want to give it?" No one said anything. I sighed wearily and rose from my spot. I hauled Ghostface to his feet and gave him the Heimlich. He coughed up the fries and I wandered back over to the others and sat down. Ghostface came over too.

"You're a saint, Allison," Chucky said mockingly. I snorted.

"Don't hold your breath on that one, Barbie." I grabbed my chicken leg and took a big chunk out of it.

"Thanks," Ghostface said, staring in my direction. I swallowed the chicken.

"No problem."

(Elsewhere in the Forest)

Thrax raked his glowing claw against a tree, leaving its bark crackling. It soon burst into flames.

"It's not my fault the kid bled," he muttered, "She didn't have to stop me." He leaned against another tree, glancing at his glowing claw. The weapon died down shortly. His other claws dug into the tree absently, leaving four deep furrows as they raked across the bark.

"_You're just mad 'cause you're the only cartoon villain here and

you're taking orders from a girl!" _Her voice rang out. Allison had been right; he hated her for that. Thrax didn't appreciate the snappy comments from others pertaining to him and the fact that he was a cartoon villain, and disliked even more the fact that he was taking orders. _Him_. The freaking Red Death! How on Earth had this happened, and better yet: why was he putting up with this treatment?

_Because I'm being forced to, and I've got nowhere to go, and no way to get back to the microscopic world. _Thrax thought to himself, rolling his eyes. If the virus had had his way, everyone on this so called "team" would have been dead by now, including the girl. Thrax sighed heavily, rubbing his temples. The pathogen doubted he'd be able to avoid the bird-brained wonder if he took off now. She'd find him somehow. Thrax could not take much more of this.

_Snap. _A branch crunched underneath someone's boot. Whoever it was stopped walking immediately. Thrax frowned, closing his eyes. The virus didn't bother turning around, knowing exactly who it was.

"Allison, what do you think you're doing?" he asked. Silence answered him. Irritation swelled inside Thrax. "Look, kid, I'm not gonna hurt ya. Just, what are ya doin'?" There was a rustling behind him. Thrax opened his eyes, a quizzical expression coming across his face. He turned around. "Allison-?" A metal needle attached to wires pierced his shoulder and volts of electricity coursed through him. Thrax swore colorfully and doubled over in pain. As he attempted to ignite his claw as well as pull the needle out, the electric charge intensified. His claw's fire struggled to keep, but in moments it stuttered and finally died out entirely. He swore loudly. A man in a black suit strolled up to him. He motioned to another holding the stun gun. The other turned down the voltage. Thrax glared at the man.

"I hate to tell you that I'm not Allison," the man said, an arrogant smile gracing his features.

"Yeahâ€¦you're a lot uglier," Thrax retorted. His response resulted in a swift pulse of electricity jarring him and sending him to his knees. The man's smile had faded.

"Load him up."

Yay, I updated! Computer's still busted, but I'm trying. I'm really glad people are still reading my fanfics and I love to hear your comments! R&R please. :D

9. Close Call

I own nothing except my OC's and plotline. :)

Load him upâ€¦" _I sat up straight, wide-eyed. What? No, no I couldn't have heard that voice orâ€¦ My hyper hearing faintly picked up the screeching of tires. I glanced around at the others, who were oblivious to the situation. Maybe it was just a hunter bagging a deer or something. I quickly did role count. Freddy, Michael, Chucky, Ghostface, Hannibalâ€¦_where was Thrax_?

"Oh not good," I cried. I shot up from my seat on the ground. The slashers stared at me with wide eyes.

"What is it?" Hannibal demanded.

"It's the food!" Ghostface screamed, jerking a finger at Freddy. "He poisoned it!"

"I knew it," Chucky roared. He pulled out a knife. "Before I die I'm gonna gut you, you son of a--"

"It's not the food," I snapped, "I think federal agents have Thrax!" Everyone stared at me for a long time, processing what I had just said. Then, the killers just sat there. "What are doing?"

"Relaxing," Freddy replied. He materialized sunglasses and leaned against a tree, putting his arms behind his head. I gaped at him.

"Say WHAT? Thrax is in trouble! My hyper hearing picked up--"

"Don't care." My mouth opened and closed, but no sound came out. I walked hurriedly over to Hannibal. I shook his shoulder.

"Hannibal, come on talk some sense into Freddy!"

"Ehâ€¦I'd rather not," the cannibal said.

"Michael-" I tried. Michael shook his head and continued eating a drumstick under his mask. I glanced at Chucky.

"Don't even bother asking," the doll growled, waving me away.

"Ghostface," I said, "It looks like it's just you and me-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" Ghostface had fallen to the ground, motionless. I kicked him in the side with my boot. "Get up! I know you're faking!" He remained unmoving. "Why aren't you guys doing anything?"

"Because we hate him," Freddy said nonchalantly.

"You guys hate everyone on this team except yourselves!"

"Yeah, but we hate him the most. I mean, I'm not saying I'd save anyone else on this "team" unless it benefitted me in some way, but they'd have better odds than that virus."

"What about what I said earlier," I snapped, "about working together as a team and leaving no man behind? Except possibly Chuckyâ€¦"

"He's not a man though, he's a technically a virus. Chucky's a doll, you're a girlâ€¦the only men on this team are me, Myers, and Lecter. You should really think about what you're saying." I marched over to Freddy.

"I will un-create all of you if you don't help me out!"

"Yeah? Then who's gonna help ya take down Area 51 or whatever?"

Chucky asked bluntly. My face turned red from frustration. I growled lowly and snapped out my wings.

"Fine. I'll save him myself." I turned to all of them one last time. "You know why I stuck with you guys?"

_Because you're psycho and you don't want us taking over the world without you? _Michael supplied.

"No. I stuck with you guys because I thought you were cool. I respected you as movie characters. I stuck with you guys, the original versions; because I believed you guys were the best. You could do anything you set your mind to. Sure you might've gotten killed a bunch of times, but you just came back. You guys didn't go down without a fight in your movies. Now I just see you guys as sick jokes. I should have gone with your remakes. I bet they would've had some backbone."

I took off, leaving behind a cloud of dust and dirt. Those stupid jerks—I sighed and ignored the headache that was beginning to turn into a serious migraine. My powers were still somewhat drained. This probably wasn't a good idea, but he was part of my team. I wouldn't leave anyone behind without good reason—except Chucky. He's just a pervert. In no time I zeroed in on the van. It was speeding down a dirt road. I flew behind it a few feet and conjured up a ball of electricity. I heaved it at my target. The van swerved just in the nick of time; I missed. I attempted to make another ball of electricity, but my powers weren't working, and not because I was tired. Whoever was inside had turned on a high, electromagnetic field, disrupting my powers. All I had now was my speed and flight. I swore loudly as an agent leaned out the passenger side window and drew a gun. A tranquilizer dart zipped past my ear. I barrel rolled to the other side of the van and flew to the driver's window. I smashed through the glass and gripped the side of the window.

"You've got some nerve, buddy!" I yelled as I dug my heels into the road. Tires screeched and metal groaned. The van drifted in one direction as I pulled in the other, my wings flapping furiously. Finally, it turned over, taking me with it. I hastily released the window and tried to keep my footing on the vehicle as it rolled across the road like a log on water. My high heel suddenly wedged in the small space between the door and the body of the van. The ground rushed up to meet me. I screamed and unfurled my wings, freeing myself with one powerful flap. Sadly, I was too close to the ground to fly properly and I crash landed, skidding several feet. Thankfully, the van grinded to a halt before it flattened me like a pancake.

I moaned, painfully getting to my feet after recovering from shock. The sleeves of my turtleneck sweater were torn and tattered and my arms were a bloody mess. Although it looked bad, the wounds were not serious and did not require immediate attention. They just hurt like crap. The electromagnetic energy was gone. I walked around to the back of the van and slammed my fist into it. The metal crumpled like paper and I tore the door away.

"Thrax!" I climbed inside the van. Thrax stared at me smugly.

"Thought that was you out there," he said, "what took ya so long, kid?"

"Oh, you know, air traffic was terrible," I replied sarcastically. "You could be a little more grateful."

"Ehâ€¦I could, but it wouldn't suit me." I used my heat vision to melt the handcuffs.

"Any reason why you didn't melt these yourself, hotshot?" I let my heat vision subside and glanced up at him. He grimaced and reached behind himself. The virus pulled a long needle looking device from his back and quickly smashed it against the wall. It easily broke.

"That sucker was electrocuting me the whole friggin' time," Thrax said, cracking his neck.

"Ah. They put one of those on me beforeâ€¦not too pleasant."

"Where are the others?"

"Back at camp." I crawled out of the van and stood, Thrax following behind.

"I take it you wanted to save me yourself." He dusted off his trench coat and smirked arrogantly at me. I rolled my eyes.

"Far from it. I was the only one willing to risk their hide to save your sorry butt." Thrax's smirk turned into a frown in seconds. I smiled cheekily back at him. "Ready to say 'thank you?'"

"Pfft, in your dreams, kid," the virus snorted. "I was just buyin' time. I coulda gotten out of there anytime I wanted."

"Yeah, whatever."

"Allison," a voice said from behind us. We whirled to face it. A tall man with green eyes, black hair, and clad in a black suit smiled at us. Several other agents stood behind him, weapons drawn. "I'm afraid you've disappointed me."

"Really? How so, Blake?" I cracked my knuckles and crossed my arms, staring hatefully at him. Blake made a tscking noise and sighed.

"You risked a lot coming to rescue yourâ€¦uhâ€¦friend here. I know you're smart, Al. You should have seen this as an obvious trap."

"Maybe I'll disappoint you and the rest of the government enough that you'll leave me alone. After all, can't have your super soldier army suffering from stupidity."

"You're far from stupid, Allison, but you are humanâ€¦at least as far as we know. That means you make mistakes sometimes. We'll just have to correct that." Something hit me from behind. I fell face first onto the ground, and tried to snap out my wings. However, they would not open. I looked back in horror to see they were covered in a sticky, green substance that ultimately glued them together. I shot up and threw my hands forward in an attempt to burn their faces off,

but my powers were drained. Great timing. Blake grinned. "All out of juice, eh?"

"I still have enough in me to wipe the floor with your sorry face, pretty boy," I spat. Thrax ignited his claw, and I took a fighting stance. Agents had circled us, our odds of making it out of this were slim, but I was not going down without taking a good deal of these crackpots with me! I rushed forward and slammed my knee into the nearest agent's stomach. He dropped and I threw him out of the way. I was thirsty for blood. Thrax was holding his own against the agents, knocking them out left and right until- "Thrax, look out!" A net came from the side and knocked him over. He became tangled in it and the netting began to freeze. His claw died out shortly. I ran over to him and tried to fight back the agents surrounding him, but another glob of green putty hit my hands and fused them together like cement. Soon, more hit my feet and I was glued in place. I struggled viciously against my bonds, but to no avail. Blake strode calmly over to us.

"You may have evaded us in the beginning, Allison," he said, "but in the long run, there was never any hope of you winning. This was inevitable."

"Bite me," I snarled.

"Strong until the end. Admirable. Load them up in the other van."

"No," a voice replied. Blake lost his cool expression and turned to face the other agents.

"Who said that?" One agent stepped forward.

"I did." Blake got in his face.

"Would you care to explain why you're disobeying a direct order from your superior?" he demanded. The agent merely shrugged his shoulders in response, a look of obvious boredom gracing his features.

"I don't feel like it. Talk to me when I care." I could have sworn I heard a few microchips exploding inside Blake's brain. He wasn't used to people disobeying orders. Blake's eye twitched at the agent's response and I couldn't help but snort, barely keeping my laughter in check. Blake spun to face me and I immediately looked away, whistling nonchalantly to P.O. him even more. He growled lowly before turning back to his insubordinate drone. "When we get back to base," he hissed, "you'll be punished severely."

"If we make it back to base," the agent corrected. Blake threw him a confused look. The agent reached inside his suit. "Now, Barbie!" Suddenly he threw a screaming, fiery haired doll out of his suit. Chucky!

Chucky collided with Blake, plunging a knife into his abdomen. Blake dropped like a rock, groaning with pain. Chucky dislodged his weapon from Blake's stomach.

"Call me Barbie one more time and see what happens," the Good Guy Doll threatened. Charles ran over to me and Thrax.

"Chucky! How did you-?"

"How do you think?" He jerked his finger at the rogue agent, who was in the process of stabbing another Black Suit. "Krueger. He materialized us here and disguised himself with his powers." Chucky began cutting through Thrax's net.

"Where are the others?" I asked.

"Well, Krueger couldn't materialize all of us here so my best guess would be still back at camp or they're on their way." Chucky cut most of the freezing rope and Thrax ripped through the rest.

"Thanks, Barbie."

"Die in a hole." A stream of colorful curses came from Freddy. We glanced over at him to see that he had been overpowered. Two Black Suits had him down on the ground. Thrax rushed over to the Dream Master, but didn't manage to kill the agents. Michael beat him to it. He ripped one of the men off Krueger and quickly crushed his skull, and then unsheathed his knife. It plunged into the other's chest. He fell limp, and Michael easily tossed him aside off Freddy. Both of them were spattered with blood. What was left of the Black Suits had grabbed Blake, who had slipped into unconsciousness, and gotten in their vans. They sped off in the other direction. I cheered.

"Nice job, guys!" I whooped. Freddy shifted back into his original self, bowing dramatically.

"You don't need to tell me. I know I did amazing," he replied. I rolled my eyes and shook my head. However, I could not keep the triumphant grin from spreading across my face.

"Did what I say change your minds?" I asked.

No. Michael replied frankly. _When you didn't come back in the first five minutes Ghostface would not shut up about how you had threatened to un-create us and that we should go help you. We tried drowning him a lake nearby, but that didn't work. So, we did the next easiest thing. _

"Oh, wellâ€¦glad you cameâ€¦I guess. Where are Hannibal and Ghostface?"

"I'm here guys! I'm here!" Ghostface cried as he came sprinting out of the woods.

"As if on cue," Chucky sighed, rolling his eyes. Ghostface tripped over his own costume and face-planted into the dirt. He did that several times before he managed to make it over to the rest of us.

"Did we win?" he asked.

"What do you think, moron?" Freddy slapped him upside the head, thankfully not with his clawed hand.

"Okâ€¦so where's Hannibal?"

"I'm coming!" Hannibal came running out of the trees and gradually

came to a halt when he reached us. He looked out of breath.

"Are you alright?" I asked. He nodded, bent over with his hands on his knees.

"I haven'tâ€|run like thatâ€|in a long time."

"Yeah, not since the dinosaurs roamed the earth," Chucky muttered. Hannibal glared at him.

"Remind me again why I don't just eat you?"

"Because Allison will stop you."

"I never said that," I chirped. Hannibal eyed Chucky murderously. Charles gulped and stepped behind Freddy for protection. Dr. Lecter turned his attention towards me.

"I'm terribly sorry I missed the action."

"No worries, Freddy and Michael kicked serious butt."

"Ahem." Chucky kicked me lightly in the shin.

"â€|and Chucky," I mumbled.

"How are we going to get her unstuck?" Freddy asked. The killers shrugged. Ghostface gripped my shoulders and began to pull me, but I didn't budge. After a few moments he released me, exhausted.

"Well that didn't work," Ghostface stated.

_Anyone have a jackhammer? _Michael asked. Freddy promptly materialized one.

"We do now." Krueger separated the chunk of road I was glued to from the rest of the road. He dematerialized the jackhammer. "Alright, she should be moveable now." Freddy gripped my arms and pulled. The piece of road tipped over and I face planted when Freddy let me go.

"Ow! "

"Hey, I can't be too nice," Freddy said, "and my arms are tired. Can you levitate yourself or what?"

"My powers are zapped again."

"Figures. Myers, could ya help?" Michael rolled his eyes and gripped my right arm. He easily dragged me off the road, the others following.

"Hey, shouldn't we fill in that big pothole in the road now?" I asked.

"Why?" Freddy asked. I glanced behind us to see a car, doing at least seventy in fifty miles per hour zone, hit the pothole, go airborne, break through the guard rail, and tumble down a cliff. A fiery explosion went off, but no one paid the slightest attention.

"Uhâ€¦never mind." It took maybe fifteen minutes to get back to camp, and then that's when the uh, "fun", began. Freddy materialized scissors, and Hannibal began diligently trying to cut the putty from my feathers, or at least separate my wings.

"Ow! Hey, hey, watch what you're doing with the scissors Doctor Lecter-"

"I'm terribly sorry-"

"Ouch! Jeez, man, don't butcher me! And don't cut off my primary feathers! I won't be able to fly!"

"Would you rather have Frederick cut through this?" he questioned. I glanced at Freddy as he smiled slyly at me.

"No, no, keep doing what you're doing," I said quickly. Freddy rolled his eyes and examined his knives.

"You almost done there, Lecter?" Chucky yawned. "I'm getting bored."

"Chucky?" Thrax asked.

"Yeah?"

"Shut up."

"You shut up."

"Both of you shut up," Freddy snapped.

"You and what army?" Ghostface shrieked.

"That doesn't even make sense, you moron!"

"You don't make sense."

"None of you make sense," I yelled. "Ghostface you're an obsessive freak, Hannibal eats people, Chucky is a murderer possessing a doll, Thrax is a cartoon virus, Freddy's a dream killer, Michael's a guy cursed by Thorn, and I'm a girl with wings! Now everyone shut up!" The killers stopped talking, staring at the ground sulkily. I rolled my eyes and glanced back at Lecter.

"How is it going?"

"Ehâ€¦not well." The scissors were now stuck in the glue-like substance. I hung my head and cursed darkly.

"Perfect," I said sarcastically. On my list of crappy days, this has to rank at, like, number three at least. "Alright, tell you what: let's just try and get this crap off my legs so I can at least walk and then focus on my wings later, alright?"

"That's fine with me." Hannibal took a seat on a rock.

"Freddy, could you materialize a blowtorch?" He looked startled.

"Uhâ€¦a what?"

"A blowtorch," I repeated. He shifted uneasily from foot to foot.

"Well, ya seeâ€¦"

"What's the matter with you, Krueger?" Thrax asked nastily. "Scared of a little-" He lit up his claw. "-fire?" Freddy's expression curled into an unpleasant snarl.

"Stay outta this, Disney freak." Thrax shrugged his broad shoulders.

"I'm just sayingâ€¦"

_Do you ever shut up? _Michael asked. Thrax glared at him.

"Do you, pumpkin boy?"

I'm not talking to begin with. I'm communicating with my thoughts. So stuff it. _Krueger just materialize the blowtorch or whatever.

—
"Unless you're scared," Chucky put in, his blue eyes glittering malevolently. "Go ahead, Krueger. Maybe we'll see your butt get fried a second time."

"Oh yeah you'd like that wouldn't ya, you stupid, gay Barbie doll?"

"I'm not stupid or gay! And I don't even look remotely like a Barbie!"

"Well you sure b- like one." Freddy materialized the blowtorch. Ghostface jabbed Chucky in the stomach with a gloved finger.

"You know what, you're not a Barbie," he said simply.

"Thank you!"

"â€¦You're more like her ugly step-sister's kid if she made love with the Pillsbury Dough Boy." Freddy, along with pretty much everyone else besides Chucky, burst out laughing. Even Michael tried to keep himself from laughing, but even he let out a few silent chuckles. Chucky's face reddened and he let out an inhuman shriek of fury as he attacked Ghostface.

"You stupid freak on nature!" He roared as he pulled out a switchblade and jammed it repeatedly into Ghostface's ribs. I rolled my eyes and sighed.

"Anywayâ€¦mind getting me out of this mess, Freddy?"

"Actually, yeah, I kinda would. Me and fire don't exactly work well together."

"Oh just let me do it," Thrax snapped, yanking the blowtorch away from the dream killer. "And by the way, why can't I just use my

claw?"

"Because you can't control the infection once it touches something," I replied bluntly. "Now get me outta this."

"Whatever." Thrax started up the blowtorch and tried to melt through the green substance. "So that one guy-what did ya call 'im? Drake-"

"Blake," I corrected.

"Same difference. What's the deal with you two?"

"Blake Stride led the first team that ever captured me," I explained, "He would also oversee the "super soldier" versions of me, if they ever managed to catch me again. Basically, he's an over glorified frat boy who thinks I'm rogue property of the government."

"Seems legit. Well brat-hey wait a minute. I think this is working." Sure enough the putty was meltingâ€|but my skin started to burn from the heat of the blowtorch. I hastily jumped and managed to free myself from most of the sticky substance. Thrax melted through the rest on my hands, but I would not let him near my wings. He shrugged and threw the blowtorch aside. It dematerialized into thin air. "So what's the plan now, genius?"

"Wellâ€|I think I need new clothes." I glanced at my torn turtleneck, ripped jeans, and now ruined boots thanks to the putty.

"And how does this concern us?" Freddy asked.

"It means all of us are going to a town. I think I saw one a few miles away when I was rescuing Thrax. Also we need some supplies."

"Do any of us have a say in this?"

"No."

"Ugh fine." We arrived in a fairly large town, or just outside the border of it. We were hiding in the seclusion of the forest as I awkwardly folded my wings inside my shirt.

"Quick question," Freddy said, "how are you planning to smuggle me, Disney freak, Barbie, Myers, and the moron into town without drawing attention?"

"Uhâ€|huh. Wellâ€|"

"Can't these two just take off their masks?" Chucky asked. He climbed up onto Michael's shoulder and attempted to take his mask off. Before Chucky even put a finger on Michael's mask, the silent killer had stabbed him with his knife and thrown him into a tree.

_Don't touch my mask. _Michael thought murderously.

"Or mine!" Ghostface added, gripping his mask.

"Why can't the idiots take off their masks?" Thrax asked.

"Because they're real faces make children cry," Freddy snickered.

Oh, like yours?

"Shut up!"

"Freddy materialize a backpack for me," I ordered. The dream killer glared at me.

"I don't take orders. I give them."

"Just do it!" Freddy sighed loudly and grudgingly materialized a backpack. I went over to Chucky, picked him up, and stuffed him inside. He screamed profanities at me as I zipped it up. "Okay, for the rest of you who don't look exactly normal: I suggest we take back alleys. When we find a shop, try and stay nearby, but hidden, alright? I'll keep Chucky and Hannibal with me in case anything major goes on and the rest of you can't come immediately. Got it?" I got a few grunts in reply. Good enough. I cautiously emerged from the forest, scanning the area carefully. There was no one in sight. "Coast is clear. Let's move." We hastily ran to an alley and went from there. As we were walking along, I heard muffled screaming behind me and I turned. Michael and Hannibal had fallen behind and captured a man. Michael had gutted him, and Hannibal was in the process of deciding which organ he should take first. I ran over to them.

"What the -," I hissed, "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

_Killing. _

"Harvesting." I covered my mouth with my hand. That was just disgusting.

"I told you to be inconspicuous! Inconspicuous does not include gutting and eating organs from townspeople!"

_You told us to stay hidden. _Michael thought. _Never inconspicuous._

"Well, I thought it was implied," I snapped. "There's a dumpster over there. Get rid of the body and _don't _kill anyone else!" Michael shrugged to himself and dragged the corpse to the dumpster. He tossed it in easily, and I cringed at the loud banging sound it created. We continued on our way until I noticed Hannibal still by the dumpster. "Come on, Hannibal!"

"But it seems like such a waste of good meat," he countered. The other killers and I exchanged looks of disgust.

"Come _on_." Hannibal quickly cut off an ear while I had my back turned, put it in his pocket, and hurried after us. After another ten minutes I found a small store and instructed the killers who didn't look normal to wait across the street in a dark alley. Hannibal, Chucky and I went into the store. I spent several minutes attempting to find one decent pair of shorts that didn't make me look easy, but I gave up. Honestly, is it that hard to find shorts that come down to the knees? Yes, yes it is. I moved onto pants and came up with some regular blue jeans, some skinnies, and a pair of cargo pants.

"Hey, b-, would it kill ya to open up this stupid backpack? I can't breathe in here!" I shrugged off my backpack and unzipped it. Chucky stuck his head out and inhaled dramatically. "Fresh air!"

"Just keep it down and behave," I muttered.

"No promises." He looked around to make sure there were no bystanders and clambered out. "Where's the cannibal?" I silently gestured to Doctor Lecter, who was in the process of picking out ties. Chucky mysteriously disappeared as I picked out some new tops. I found a black tank top, grey turtleneck similar to my own, and a few basic t-shirts. Now all I needed to find was a pair of boots and a maybe a jacket if I was lucky. "Hey, Allison-" I glanced down at Chucky to see him holding up a frilly, light blue and partially see through lingerie. "Try this on. I want you to look presentable when I-" I slapped him so hard he didn't even get to finish his sentence. In fact his head turned a full 180 degrees. The Good Guy doll cracked his head back around. "Ow."

"Put that back," I growled.

"Fineâ€¦darn tease," he mumbled. Chucky stormed off. I found an awesome pair of flat, black boots that came up to my knees with buckles and straps on the sides, a black half jacket, and a regular black jacket with electric blue streaks coming up the sides. Finally, I went to a fitting room. I'd finished trying on pants and moved onto shirts. As I was taking off my turtleneck I glanced in the mirror to see Chucky sitting on top of the dressing room door. He gave a low whistle.

"You've got some nice curves there, sexy," he crooned. I screeched, whirled around and slammed my foot into the door, causing it to break off its hinges. I straightened out my shirt again and stared at the broken door.

"Ooooooh no." I hastily gathered my clothes, assuming that they fit, grabbed Chucky and tried to set the door up to look like it never broke. Luckily no one had seen the incident. Then, I hurriedly found Hannibal, shoving the doll into my backpack. "Hey, we need to get out of here, like, now."

(Outside with the others)

"What is taking them soooo long?" Ghostface whined. "Seriously, it's been almost half an hour."

"That's women for ya," Freddy said, leaning against an alley wall and crossing his arms. "They take a long a- time just to pick out one top. We'll be lucky if she comes out within the next hour."

"And how do you know this?" Thrax questioned drawing small circles on top of the dumpster he was sitting on with his infectious claw. "Did you get a sex change or something?"

"_No_ I had a wife you -!" Krueger flicked his claws dangerously. Thrax tensed up and got out of his cross legged position. Freddy stalked over to him and as he was about to make the first move, something hit him in the back of the head. With a snarl he whirled to face his unlucky attacker who happened to be Ghostface. The masked

killer was holding another small rock, his arm poised to throw it at Freddy. "_What the heck do you think you're doing, freak?_"

"I dunno," Ghostface said, "I thought this was a game."

"A game?"

"Yeah."

"And you wanna play?" Ghostface's eyes lit up behind his mask.

"Yeah, yeah!"

"Alright Ghostface, come 'ere." Ghostface walked over to Freddy. "Now, turn around." The other killer compliantly turned in the opposite direction. "Okay this game is called-" Freddy kicked Ghostface in the butt and he fell face first onto the ground. Krueger dove on top of him, holding him in a headlock with one arm while his bladed hand stabbed the crap out his sides. "_Never - with me again or I'll gut you and absorb your soul!_"

"I-I don't like this game," Ghostface gurgled through the blood coming out of his mouth. Thrax dully watched them, idly twirling his DNA chain around his claws. After a few more minutes he suddenly had a thought.

"Uh, I hate to interrupt whateverâ€|_that _is, but wasn't there another guy with us? Myers or somethin'?" Thrax asked in a bored tone. The other killers glanced at him.

"You're right. Great, where did he go?" Freddy snapped. The dream killer rose from the ground, but not before shoving Ghostface back down as he attempted to get up. The virus shrugged his broad shoulders and Freddy glared at him. "Hey, you're the one who pointed out that he was gone."

"That doesn't mean I was going to do anything about it," Thrax stated casually.

Freddy narrowed his eyes and said simply, "Whadya think the brat will do when she finds out we lost him?" The Red Death's eyes widened slightly.

"Good point." He hopped down from the dumpster. "A'ight let's go find the sucker." The trio headed off in search of the silent killer.

(Back with Me)

I fidgeted a little as the cashier rang up my purchases. He was a teenager and tall, blond haired and brown eyed. I'm really surprised he didn't comment on my torn, bloodied, and ruined clothes by now. Well, not really. His face was buried in some magazine.

"Alright, that will be \$198.00," he said dully, not looking up from his magazine. I stopped fidgeting and fished in my pocket. Oh crap. I forgot I was broke. Stupid, stupid, stupidâ€|

"Uh-um," I faltered, "I-I don't have any-"

"There you are," Hannibal said from behind me. He handed the cashier a wad of cash and my eyes boggled. Dr. Lecter gave me a look to be quiet. Only now did the teen look at us and his eyes widened.

"Hey, I've seen you before," he said.

"Ummmmâ€¦you have?" I asked uncertainly.

"You're the Mockingbird Accomplice!"

"Oh Godâ€¦" I jumped over the counter and slapped a hand over his mouth. "Keep it down!"

"Mpht mph mmph!" I uncovered his mouth.

"_What?!"_

"What are you doing here?"

"None of your business," I snapped, "look pal. You say a word about me being here to the government or anyone and my good friend Hannibal Lecter will gladly take out your ribs and use them as toothpicks." He glanced at Hannibal who flipped out a knife.

"No, no you don't understand!" he hissed. "I want to help you!"

"Say what?"

"On Youtube, there's this video of these guys in black trying to catch you. Are you on the run?"

"â€¦yeah."

"Then I can help. There's a ton of people already following this website some guy made up. The Mockingbird Forecast. It's got a ton of video sightings of youâ€¦although I'm pretty sure most of them are staged. But there are a lot of people out there who want to help you."

"Uhâ€¦what's your name?"

"Tim." I lowered my voice even more and pulled him close.

"Are you saying there are nut jobs-I mean- good people willing to help me? Like you?"

"Yeah."

"Alright, here's what I want you to do. I want you to spread the word. Call a meeting or whatever someplace, and tell them I'm heading to California. See if you can get people to go there and meet up with me, alright? _Don't_ call them over the phone or put information out there saying I'm heading to California. Just say it's a fan club or something like that. The government's probably monitoring everything on me."

"Sure, sure! Anything you say!"

"Good." I hopped back over to other side of the counter with

Hannibal. Tim put my clothes in a bag and handed them to me. "Wait, what about the money?"

"It's free of charge," Tim said with a grin. I grinned back and pocketed Hannibal's money, stuffing the clothes into my backpack with Chucky.

"Thanks, man." We started to walk out, leaving Tim.

"Hey, wait, do you need a place to stay?" he asked.

"Ehhâ€¦no, and I say that for your safety. Not mine." I walked out without giving him a second glance. I was majorly dumbstruck. People out there wanted to help me? Willingly? Gee, I thought I'd have to strike fear into people to get help, but whatever works I guess. As we walked to the alley I asked Hannibal, "Where did you get the money?"

"The dead man you said I couldn't harvest organs from," he replied.

"You robbed him?!"

"Yes, but it's not like he would have needed the money anyway." I didn't say anything after that but shook my head. Upon arriving at the alley and discovering the other half of my team was gone I promptly banged my head against a wall. Of course. Why did I put my trust in serial killers? "Are we going after them?"

"Obviously." Fortunately my group was not too far away, only a few blocks. However, when I got there I was appalled. At least a dozen corpses were lying in a blood drenched alley. Freddy, Ghostface, Michael, and Thrax were laughing like maniacs. Well, three out of the four were. Michael just kind of stood there holding his sides and leaning against a wall. Hannibal, Chucky, and I had come from behind so they failed to notice us. I watched them in shock.

"Haha! Nice one, virus! That was a good oneâ€¦for a cartoon villain," Ghostface said smartly. The Red Death didn't stop laughing as he pushed the masked killer in a puddle of blood, gasping for breath.

"Wow! I haven't had this much fun in a looooong time, baby!" Thrax exclaimed.

Neither have I. Usually it isn't this easy. All these big chested blondes make me follow them around for, like, two hours without stopping. I mean, they're sprinting as fast as they can away from me and I only walk after them. It's kinda exhausting. Freddy laughed at this.

"What the heck, Myers?! How do manage to catch them?! I don't run either, but I've got powers for Pete's sake!" Before Michael could reply, Ghostface spoke up laughing hysterically.

"B-because he's Michael Myers! Enough said!" This brought on a whole other fit of hysterics from them.

"Are theyâ€¦drunk?" Hannibal asked quietly.

"Nope, just high on killing," I growled, storming over to them. "Ahem! Just _what _do you think you guys are doing?!" Immediately their laughter stopped and they stared at me with eyes as wide as saucers. "Well?!" I demanded. Ghostface stood from the pool of blood, shifting from foot to foot guiltily.

"Uh, well, Michael wandered off while you were inside and we went to look for him and wellâ€¦we found him," he said weakly. I tapped my foot in a blood pool expecting more than that. "And, uh, he had already killed about four people by the time we got here, and then Freddy started disguising his voice and screaming as bait and they just kept on coming IT WAS HIS FAULT!" Ghostface pointed accusingly at Michael. Michael shook his head and pointed at Freddy.

"I hate all of you," the Dream Master growled. He kicked a corpse aside and walked towards me. "Come on, bird-brain, it was just a little fun. We all had itchy blades."

"Can I join in the carnage?" Chucky asked hopefully from inside the backpack. I elbowed him and glared at the blood soaked killers.

"We're leaving. _Now_." I stormed off.

"â€¦I think that went better than expected," Thrax said slowly. Freddy disagreed.

"When a woman doesn't say anything or if she says very little to you after you've done something horrible she's pissed off."

_Wonderfulâ€¦must kill. _The other three killers took a huge step back away from Michael who looked confused. _What?_

"Nothin' Myers, you're just being a creeper as usual," Freddy muttered. "C'mon let's go before she gets even more P. ."

Later that night when my powers returned I electrocuted the four of them. Mildly of course, but it still hurt like crap. We had made it into another forest, although it was more secluded than the last.

"OOOOW! Brat!" Freddy snarled.

"That's for killing all those people," I snapped harshly. "YOU GUYS COULDN'T HANDLE YOURSELVES FOR JUST FORTY-FIVE MINUTES!"

"We thought you'd be in there a lot longer," Ghostface cried, "we didn't think we'd get caught!" Several hundred volts of electricity rocked them. Chucky was sitting against a tree laughing his butt off at their misery. Hannibal was disinterested and fiddled with his knife.

"Ghostface, shut up!" Thrax howled.

"What?! What did I say?!"

_Moron. _Michael thought numbly. I rolled my eyes and ceased the electrocution. They sat up from the ground, dazed and in pain.

"Don't let me catch you doing that again," I muttered and began to walk away.

"Fine, we won't get caught next time." One final zap jolted them.

"GHOSTFACE!" Freddy and the other killer rolled along the ground; Freddy choking the life out of him. Chucky was still laughing as Thrax and Michael stood.

"What are you laughing at?" Thrax growled and gored Chucky in the stomach with his unlit claw.

"J-jerk," the Good Guy Doll mumbled and glanced up at Michael. "Oh, hey Myers." Michael stabbed him in the throat with his trusty kitchen knife and calmly walked away. "D-it!" Michael caught up with me and tapped me on the shoulder.

Where are you going?

"To get cleaned up and change into new clothes," I responded simply. I grabbed my backpack and headed off into the deep woods. After about ten minutes of continuous walking I stopped and quickly undressed, throwing on some black skinny jeans, a grey t-shirt, and tied my regular jacket around my waist. I ripped some slits in the back of my t-shirt and jacket so my wings could spread out. I was pleased to find that everything fit. Lastly I put on my boots and materialized a mirror to examine myself. My arms were blotched with purple marks and dried blood. I glanced at the scrapes running vertical and horizontal down my arms. I winced. Those were gonna leave scars for sure. I dematerialized the mirror and looked at my wings. I focused hard and burst into flames. The last of the putty melted and I furiously flicked it off my wings. Once the final globs of putty were gone I extinguished my flames and spread my white wings proudly. I disintegrated my old clothes and began to zip up my backpack. I stopped halfway though, frowning as I pulled a light blue lingerie out. CHUCKY! THAT LITTLE PERV! He was gonna pay for that. I decided to fly back to camp, having been grounded for most of the day. I dropped down in the middle of the group which startled them to say the least.

"Hey, bird brain's back," Freddy announced. He was lying down on the grass a tired expression on his face. The others looked a little worn as well.

"You guys okay?" I asked.

"Yeah," Freddy muttered, tipping his hat down over his face. "Listen, I'm going back to the Dream World for awhile. Call me if you need me—on second thought, don't." He vanished.

Jerk. I thought.

"I heard that," he snapped in my thoughts.

I know. The point is I don't care.

"Watch it, brat," he growled. Then Freddy was silent. I flopped down on the grass next to Michael.

"You tired?"

_A little. _Myers shrugged. _I could go on longer if I had to._

"Would you be willing to stand guard for the night?"

_Sure. _

"Alright, I'll see if I can get someone to alternate shifts with you."

_Anyone but Ghostface. _Michael thought quickly.

"Fine. Chucky-?"

"Forget it, babe," the Good Guy Doll cut me off and crossed his arms. He closed his eyes.

"Alright, Thrax, I guess that just leaves you."

"What? Why me?" the virus complained.

"Because the rest of us are tired and I don't want to have to keep Michael up the entire night."

"What about Krueger?" he demanded.

"I'm not doing it!" Freddy roared inside my head. I clutched my head and grimaced.

"Alright! Alright! Geez, Krueger! He says he's not doing it. That leaves you and Michael."

"Why can't you do it?"

"Because I'm tired and only running on adrenaline!" I fumed. "Also, you and Michael are the ones with the most muscle. Now quit arguing! You guys will be taking three hour shifts. It's already 11:00 so you guys don't have that much night left." I stood and cracked my neck. "If anyone needs me I'll be in that tree. Oh and Chuckyâ€|"

"Hmm, what?" he asked without opening his eyes.

"Nice outfit," I said with a smirk. The others began to chuckle and then busted out laughing. Charles opened his eyes briefly and glanced down at his chest and screamed. I had materialized the lingerie on him. "Next time, Charles, I wouldn't try sneaking stuff like that into my backpack. Your regular clothes are lying over there."

I flew up into an oak tree, not giving him time to respond. I used the backpack as a pillow and closed my eyes, listening to Chucky swearing and the others laughing at him.

**Hey, I'm back! â€|at least for now :/ Sorry about the long wait. I want to thank all the people who have left reviews and favorited The Unmistakable Truth so far! You guys are awesome! :D **

End
file.